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POEMS  
BY  
A. TEMPLETON.

1900

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**"Poetry is the language of feeling. It is the communion of an individual heart with the heart universal,—the Great Heart of Humanity."**

**J. B. MANSON.**

# POEMS

ON THE

HOPES AND FEARS, THE JOYS AND SORROWS,

OF MAN.

BY

ANDREW TEMPLETON,

BANNOCKBURN.

STIRLING :

PRINTED IN THE OBSERVER OFFICE.

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN bringing the following Poems before the Public, the Author might assign the solicitations of many friends as a reason for publication ; and, as he highly estimates their judgment and taste, their request has had considerable weight with him. But, apart from this, if the book has merit, it will sustain itself; if not, it will sink into the land of forgetfulness, where it should be. Whatever be the result, every Poem has to speak for itself. Although there is plenty of room in many of the pages, they are not encumbered with foot-notes—those crutches of so much service for a lame muse to hirple upon.



In observing the pursuits of men, and tracing their motives, it will appear that the following are the mainsprings of human action:—

The first, and most prominent, is a strong desire to better our circumstances in life; and, by universal consent, this is pronounced a proper motive, if it impels to honest and honourable means.

Again, there seems to be a desire in the breast of every man to stand high in the estimation of his fellow-men. This pursuit of fame, like drawing a bow at a venture, is sometimes very ineffective, but with many more successful. Their works, their riches, or their heroism, are admired by the living, after they themselves have been numbered with the dead.

Others, again, have great enjoyment in their pursuits; and the Poet has often great satisfaction in recording the scenes of early life, the tender emotions of love, and the pleasant hopes he fondly cherished.

All these, mingling with the disappointments, the cares, and toils, of a life of experience, give forth their lights and shadows. He has satisfaction in exploring the wonders of creation—tracing the wisdom and power of the Divine Being amidst the endless variety of nature—and, if he is a Christian, he delights in the strains of redeeming love.

But there is yet a nobler motive, which was exemplified in the character of the Saviour, who went about continually doing good, not seeking his own comfort, but the advantages of those he came to redeem.

Such are the leading motives that appear to actuate mankind, and more or less of these merge into the character of all with whom the Author has come in contact; and he also will be found amongst his brethren.

He would be sorry if any piece is found in the little book that an intelligent Christian parent would

feel reluctant to put into the hands of his children. His verses are all intended to be on the side of religion and virtue; as he is sure that piety to God, and kindness to man, can alone give satisfaction to the mind, as we journey onward to eternity.

There are a few typographical errors in the book, which the intelligent reader will easily perceive, and which can be as easily rectified, if the work shall have the good fortune to reach a second edition.

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## P O E M S.

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### A VIEW FROM DEMYOT HILL,

WITH REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF  
DEEDS OF BRAVERY, WHICH MAKES THIS SPOT SACRED  
IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.

“ Their names are here embalm’d,  
And in our bosom lie;  
And though the raging storm is calm’d,  
Their deeds shall never die.”

ON early morn, when all was still,  
I stood upon Demyot hill,  
The sight made a’ my bosom thrill,  
Amidst the glorious scenery.

The level plain was stretch’d away,  
The sun upon the waters lay,  
The mountain flowers were rich and gay,  
And blooming in obscurity.

The sacred Forth was rolling on,  
Where many heroes found a home,  
When sons of ancient Caledon  
Were bursting bonds of slavery.



And Stirling hill the valley grac'd,  
 Dropt down in Nature's careless haste,  
 When all was but a weary waste—  
     Before the years of chivalry.

But on her northern summit rose  
 A strong defence against our foes—  
 There many sleep in death's repose,  
     Who sought our nation's injury.

And still the Castle, stern and bold,  
 Looks grand as in the days of old,  
 When war in awful volumes roll'd  
     On each advancing enemy.

And, in the distance, Bannockburn,  
 Where Scotland's glory still does burn;  
 But Edward's host could ne'er return  
     To tell their tale of misery.

The plumes and tartan plaids were there—  
 The thick'ning onset rent the air;—  
 The English, struck with wild despair,  
     Could not withstand our bravery.

Sacred still, though years are gone,  
 Where Bruce led a' his forces on,  
 When glancing swords like lightning shone,  
     Amidst the shouts of victory.

But war is often but a curse—  
Although we gain, we're still the worse,  
And may we never lend our force  
To waste our blood and treasury.

I hope such scenes shall ne'er return,  
To dye the stream of Bannockburn,  
Nor cause the widow's heart to mourn,  
'Midst death and dark despondency.

Along the length'ning peaceful vale,  
May commerce spread her swelling sail,  
And may each healthy scented gale  
Bring lasting sweet prosperity.

But should a foreign foe arise,  
And a' our sacred rights despise,  
We'll teach him still that valour lies  
In ancient Caledonia.

### SEA STORM.

WE once were out on the stormy deep,  
And drifted on the ocean ;  
The troubled sky and rolling sea  
Were howling in dark commotion.

The moon appear'd through broken clouds,  
Which serv'd to show our danger ;  
But soon in darkness pass'd away,  
Like an injur'd, drifted stranger.

Our gallant ship was toss'd and torn,  
While mountain waves were swelling,  
But still bore up against the storm,  
In the midst of her watery dwelling.

She rose to the brow of mountain waves,  
And down the deep descended ;  
O, it was dark on the howling waste—  
We thought our days were ended.

And still the raging storm increas'd,  
With bolts of thunder pealing ;  
The lightning flam'd on sea and sky,  
Our hearts and the ship were reeling.

But God, in love, put forth his power,  
And tempest-winds were shifted ;  
At His command the awful storm  
Was away to the desert drifted,

And there was allow'd to howl away,  
In desert darkness riding ;  
There the prince and power of the air  
Was in the storm presiding.

But though the winds from us had fled,  
The injur'd deep was heaving,  
Like after-shocks of a wounded heart,  
Whom hope is just relieving.

The silver moon came forth to view,  
The morning star was shining,  
The sea, the sky, and our hearts grew calm,  
On the hope of life reclining.

## A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER LOST SON.

HE WENT OUT, AND SHE SAW HIM NO MORE.

"MY Son! my Son!" a mother cried,

"I've lost my darling child!"

She mov'd and gaz'd, and wept and sigh'd,

Her frantic looks were wild.

"O, Malcom dear! where are you gone?

I've sought you far and wide:

Perhaps you slumber in the tomb,

Perhaps beneath the tide.

"Tormenting, dreary, sad perhaps,

'Midst lingering hopes and fears,

Thy image at my bosom raps,

And then it disappears.

"I cannot tell the half I feel—

With pain my bosom swells;

O, that some spirit would reveal

The place where Malcom dwells.

" I try to put my trust in Him  
Who hears the raven's cry ;  
My faith is like an infant's limb,  
So weak and frail am I.

" O, that the Lord would bear me up,  
And keep me from despair,  
And mingle mercy in my cup,  
And hear a mother's prayer."

## THE SOLDIER COME HOME.

THE morning sun's effulgent ray,  
Upon the ocean's bosom lay—

No storm nor tempest nigh ;  
The clouds were purple, red and blue,  
And nameless shades of endless hue  
Were painted on the sky.

A sweet refreshing gentle breeze  
In kindness stirr'd the spreading trees,  
Where linnets sweetly sang :  
The flowers of varied colours grew,  
And on their cups the morning dew,  
Like drops of silver hang. .

The burn ran wimpling to the sea,  
And lambs were sporting on the lea,  
Where early life I spent ;  
But youthful days have pass'd away,  
And my remaining hairs are grey,  
While treading life's descent.

I stood beneath the aged thorn,  
 While larks rejoicing hailed the morn,  
     But I was dull and sad ;  
 For here with Helen I have strayed,  
 While love in both our bosoms play'd,  
     And every care had fled.

Her auburn locks in ringlets hung,  
 Her voice as if an angel sung,  
     In sweet angelic strains :  
 My heart was ravish'd with my love,  
 I felt my inmost bosom move,  
     With bliss that love contains.

I mind her loving looks to me,  
 Beneath this very hawthorn tree,  
     Beside this silver stream ;  
 But now these days away have fled,  
 And she is numbered with the dead,  
     And all is like a dream.

I mind my mother's sighs and prayers,  
 Her loving looks and tender cares,  
     While on her bairns she smil'd ;  
 It griev'd her when I left her home—  
 I heard her pray and weep alone—  
     Her heart with anguish fail'd.



The breakfast on the table stood,  
 But none of us could taste the food—  
     Our bleeding hearts were sore :  
 My father he was dull and sad—  
 I was the only son he had,  
     That had not left before.

He wail'd a psalm to suit our case,  
 And silent tears ran down his face,  
     But none of us could sing :  
 I never will forget that scene  
 Of mingled kindness, grief and pain,  
     Round the domestic ring.

Since then, I've wander'd far away,  
 And mingl'd in the dread affray,  
     And heard the cannon's roar :  
 I often fought the French in Spain,  
 When dead and dying strew'd the plain,  
     Where all was peace before.

But still our Scottish bands were true :  
 With Scotland's glory in our view,  
     'Twas death or triumph then ;  
 With bayonets fixed, and glancing sword,  
 We rush'd along, while cannons roar'd,  
     And trode on heaps of slain.

I felt my ardent spirit bound,  
 Along Corunna's snowy ground,  
     Where many heroes fell :  
 I felt a dark and deep revenge,  
 And nothing could that spirit change,  
     Outbraving death and hell.

But yet, this smiling flowery lea,  
 Is still the dearest spot to me,  
     That e'er my feet have trode ;  
 For here my honour'd father dwelt—  
 I mind the chair on which he knelt,  
     Before the throne of God.

And still the cavern, dark and wide,  
 Where pealing storms of thunder ride,  
     Is on the mountain seen ;  
 The river rolls along the plain,  
 And hills and valleys are the same,  
     And still the woods are green.

But those who were my early stay,  
 Have serv'd their time and pass'd away—  
     We ne'er on earth shall meet ;  
 When summer decks these lonely plains,  
 And winter in his sternness reigns,  
     I wander here and weep.

I think with pain on former days,  
And ponder on the foolish ways,  
    I carelessly have trode ;  
I think on precious time misspent,  
Which was in loving kindness lent,  
    To find my rest in God.

The past I never can recal,  
But while there's life there's hope for all—  
    Hope spreads her cherub wings ;  
And when the cares of life are bleak,  
And dreams disturb my broken sleep,  
    Redeeming mercy sings.

I hope to tread the holy street,  
Where ransom'd souls in friendship meet,  
    And on their God recline ;  
Exploring regions far remote,  
Where silver clouds in glory float,  
    And golden planets shine.

### THE VIRTUOUS SAILOR'S WIFE.

THE storm is roaring loud,  
The waves are rolling high,  
One dense alarming cloud  
Is dark'ning all the sky.

My husband's on the sea,  
Upon the heaving wave,  
And there he thinks on me,  
Where storm and tempests rave.

O, tempest winds, retreat,  
And to the desert fly;  
Where all is stern and bleak,  
Roll in your majesty.

Blow soft upon the sea  
Where heaving billows roll,  
And let him come to me,  
To cheer my drooping soul.

My tender infant sleeps—  
In sweet repose he lies ;  
And then his mother weeps  
To hear the angry skies.

Whene'er the storm subsides,  
My heavy eyelids sleep,  
But still my spirit rides  
Upon the stormy deep.

ON THE  
MINISTERS WHO LEFT THE ESTABLISHED  
CHURCH.

THE year was eventful, the year forty-three,  
When the deeds of our forefathers shone,  
In the doings of those who dar'd to be free,  
Though losing their lands and their home.  
Firm and undaunted they stood to the blast,  
Though lonely their prospects, they scorn'd to re-  
treat—  
Embalm'd in our bosoms their mem'ry shall last,  
The righteous unborn shall remember the past,  
And glory in Satan's defeat.

Go on, my dear friends, in the path you have trode—  
The trial was heavy and painful to you ;  
But strongly upheld by the power of your God,  
You saw him in mercy anew.  
The sons of the stranger your deeds have been  
praising—  
The best of their children have come from afar—

While each outward movement your honour is raising—  
Like lamps, in this island of light, you are blazing—  
Advancing on Bethlehem's star.

We watch'd your contendings with pray'rful emotion,  
Afraid lest your spirits should yield;  
In the end you appear'd, amidst solemn devotion,  
Like Scotsmen on Bannockburn field.  
Welsh, Chalmers, and Gordon, in front of the view,  
Adorn'd in a radiance of light,  
With four hundred heroes all faithful and true,  
Whom devils nor statesmen could never subdue,  
Nor tarnish the sword of their might.

ON THE  
HOPES AND FEARS, THE POWERS,  
DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND ENJOYMENTS OF MAN.

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

How am I here? and what am I?  
A complicated wonder—  
Possessing powers to mount the sky,  
And travel with the thunder.

And there, in shining starry light,  
Expanding thoughts do wander,  
Exploring endless regions bright,  
And seeing something grander.

Again on restless passions borne,  
And disappointment driving,  
My heart is weary and forlorn,  
In wild emotion striving.



Again I pause and think anew,  
And consolation borrow  
From days that's past, when comfort grew  
Among the waves of sorrow.

And there I run, and here I wait,  
With all my prospects racking—  
Anew I mourn in deep regret,  
My patience stretch'd to breaking.

Again a smiling prospect breaks,  
Where clouds were dark and low'ring,  
And on my care-worn soul reflects,  
The sweets of summer show'ring.

But all this pain and weary toil  
Shall cease when life is ended—  
And then the ransom'd soul shall smile,  
And find its bliss extended.

For this I must declare is true—  
Though earth and seas were shifting,  
And all the stars and planets flew,  
In wild disorder drifting :

The soul can only find its rest,  
Where truth and love is blended,  
And in the Saviour's righteousness,  
Shall shine when earth is ended.

TO MR. MORRISON, MINISTER, KILMARNOCK.

REVEREND SIR, I heard you preach,  
Assuming modest fear ;  
But still, it lay beyond your reach,  
To make the subject clear.

You plead that Christ for all has died,  
Though souls are daily lost ;  
And that Almighty power is tried  
To conquer Satan's host.

And then you say, God ne'er design'd  
That all men should be saved ;  
But, by his great decree confin'd,  
The rest were left deprav'd.

Your bump of self-esteem is high—  
'Tis often *I*, or *me* ;  
As if you could to heaven fly,  
And read the dark decree.

Be humble, Sir ; leave more to Him,  
 Who gave each star its station ;  
 Remember millions left in sin,  
 Around a chosen nation.

Mind the holy light that shone  
 Upon the Hill of Sion,  
 When not a single ray had gone,  
 Where heathen souls were dying.

And think on all the kindness shown  
 To that selected race ;  
 And see their rebel hearts disown  
 His never-failing grace.

We are depending on His power,  
 And chargeable with sin ;  
 Accountable for every hour,  
 But still depend on Him.

To solve such subjects, dark and deep,  
 Does not become a stranger ;  
 You'r looking o'er a giddy steep,  
 Upon the brink of danger.

His length'ning way is yet unknown—  
 The end you cannot reach ;—  
 Clouds of mist surround His throne :  
 Be humble when you preach.

### A DANDY IN THE PULPIT.

BARE foreheads are the go just now,  
The pride of man and woman;  
And plans are tried to show the brow—  
Plans very unbecomin'.

A preachin' laddie mounts the stair—  
But e'er he tries the sermon,  
He minds to finger up his hair,  
As if he felt for vermin.

Professor Taunch has prov'd the bumps,  
And says he's richly gifted;  
He on the sacred volume thumps,  
And off like smoke is drifted.

Whene'er the grand climax comes on,  
He capers like a showman;  
His voice is like a trumpet's tone,  
But every word is common.

Again he stretches back his hair,  
To show the upland corners;  
But O, there is but little there  
To comfort Zion's mourners.

Then slow and solemn are his tones—  
Each syllable is net precision;  
At length, with strange affected moans,  
He's fairly in the next division.

Then rapid, and more rapid still,  
He's like a nimble flowing steed,  
And gallops over moss and hill,  
Before there's time to sort his head.

With such unseemly, weary scenes,  
I have been sometimes punish'd;  
And glad was I to read a psalm  
Until the work was finish'd.

## ON GOD, NATURE, AND REDEMPTION.

THE fields and trees were fresh and green,  
The lambs were gamboling on the lea,  
And trouts were sporting in the stream,  
Beneath the spreading hazel tree.

Along the flowery fields I trode,  
My mind on nature fondly ran,  
And rose from nature up to God  
And strove to grasp the Holy One.

Then up the stream of ages past,  
To where the tide of time began;  
And there my soul arose at last,  
And to the great Eternal sang.

And backward still the vision flew,  
And ere creation found a home,  
A glorious Being came to view,  
And in essential glory shone.

Beyond the reach of change he dwells,  
 And ne'er can disappointed be ;  
 And still the mighty subject swells,  
 Into the vast eternity.

He gave the great creation birth—  
 His arm the mighty planets hang ;  
 And when He pois'd the infant earth,  
 The morning stars together sang.

Almighty Being ! far remov'd  
 Beyond the grasp of fallen man !  
 When human schemes abortive prov'd,  
 How precious thy redeeming plan !

Bewilder'd, and perplex'd and foil'd,  
 Learning droop'd, and look'd forlorn ;  
 But, in the darkness, Mercy smil'd,  
 And calm'd the wild conflicting storm.

Mercy, Truth, and Justice met,  
 And from the heights of glory sang ;  
 The powers of hell were all defeat,  
 And o'er the grave the echoes rang.

And still redeeming love shall flow,  
 And fertilise the wilderness ;  
 And still the Saviour shall bestow  
 His blessings great and numberless.

Mysterious, deep redeeming plan !  
 The angels wonder while they sing !  
 This union betwixt God and man,  
 Shall endless scenes of glory bring.

The trump of God shall burst the tomb,  
 And ransom'd souls shall triumph then;  
 For scoffers, nought but endless gloom,  
 And all the world wrapt in flame.

And when the sun shall shine no more,  
 And the last psalm on earth is sung—  
 When earth has neither land nor shore,  
 And all is in confusion flung :

Unnumber'd generations then  
 Shall see that dread alarming day;  
 But none shall glory in their shame,  
 When earth and heavens pass away.



ON MR. WILLIAM M'LAREN, SCHOOLMASTER,  
LEAVING BANNOCKBURN IN DECLINING HEALTH, INTENDING TO  
GO TO THE CONTINENT.

EACH rustling, yellow waving field,  
Refreshing hopes of plenty yield,  
And cheer a nation's heart ;  
The autumn sky is blue and clear,  
The lofty Ochil hills look near,  
But I must now depart.

I'll leave my native land a while,  
And wander on a foreign soil,  
A lonely stranger then ;  
But still, in health I may return,  
And meet my friends in Bannockburn,  
And teach the youth again.

The future hangs in thick'ning mist,  
And few have been by fortune bless'd,  
In this conflicting world ;

At times our prospects mount on high—  
 And then we sail a cloudless sky—  
 Again the thunder's hurl'd.

When many weary steps are trode,  
 I may be own'd and bless'd of God,  
     And health and strength be given;  
 I'll then resume my work with speed,  
 And tread where truth and honour lead  
     The path that guides to heaven.

But this may never be my lot—  
 I there may die and be forgot—  
     But not in dark despair;  
 For then I'll look beyond the sky,  
 Where cherubim's of glory fly,  
     And JESUS CHRIST is there.

I hope to climb the Alpine steep,  
 Where howling winter, stern and bleak,  
     Reflects his glory far;  
 And there the shivering wonders rhyme,  
 And paint the awfully sublime,  
     'Midst elemental war.

O, that the God of pow'r would launch  
 The rending mountain avalanche  
     To the abyss below,

That I might hear the wrecking sound,  
 And all the cavern rocks rebound,  
     Amidst eternal snow.

But, where shall I in safety stand,  
 And such a thrilling view command,  
     Of His stupendous power?  
 This would be roaming far away,  
 Where hidden storms and tempests play,  
     And sacred dangers lour.

Such shifting thoughts their freaks employ :  
 At times my soul looks up with joy,  
     And hope expands her wings ;  
 Again, the way seems dark and deep,  
 And dismal visions break my sleep,  
     While frowning danger hings.

But this distraction shall not last :  
 I'll trust in Him who rules the blast,  
     And stills the stormy sea ;  
 Along the running stream of time,  
 I'll trace His character sublime,  
     And mark His care for me.

TO MR. M'LAREN,  
ON HIS RETURNING, AND PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH A  
POEM.

DEAR FRIEND, and brother Bard,  
I hail your blest return ;  
May grateful hearts reward  
Your toils in Bannockburn.

Direct the op'ning mind,  
While tender thoughts expand—  
Let learning, well defin'd,  
Have the supreme command.

Be kind, be firm and true,  
And lay your passion by,  
And every morn renew  
Your converse with the sky.

And backward glance afar  
Along the trodden line,  
And like a twinkling star,  
May every action shine.

Should foaming trouble rise,  
And roll in awful form,  
And darken all the skies  
Amidst the thick'ning storm ;—

Be calm and patient then—  
The storm shall soon subside ;  
And then you'll tread the main,  
And on the billows ride.

When all your toils are past,  
And every service given,  
I hope you'll find at last  
A landing-place in heaven.

And there, in bliss complete,  
Where golden planets roll,  
With kindred spirits meet,  
And range from pole to pole.

## ON JESUS CHRIST.

Our Shepherd leads his weary sheep—  
To them His voice is music sweet ;  
When stormy tempests wildly sweep,  
He folds them in security.

For them He left His throne on high,  
And laid His ancient glory by,  
While wond'ring angels leave the sky  
To see the boundless mystery.

To Bethlehem's plains the angels came,  
And sung in heaven's exalted strain,  
And still " Good-will to man's " the theme  
That cheers the dark futurity.

Of all his heavenly glory shorn,  
The Saviour in a stable born,  
Neglected Mary droop'd forlorn,  
Beneath the rugged canopy.

The Infant in the manger laid,  
 While Mary wept, and Joseph pray'd ;  
 But then the star on Bethlehem stay'd,  
     To mark His great divinity.

He grew in wisdom and in years—  
 His holy Father loves and fears,  
 And o'er Jerus'lem sheds His tears,  
     To see the deep depravity.

Among the mountain cliffs He stay'd,  
 And under night's cold dews He pray'd,  
 And there His schemes of mercy laid  
     For fallen man's recovery.

At last the awful hour came on,  
 When CHRIST must suffer all alone,  
 And for our guilty souls atone,  
     Upon the hill of Calvary.

The sun shrunk back, as if asham'd  
 That He, whose skill had nature fram'd,  
 Should on a bloody cross be pain'd,  
     In dark'ning, sad perplexity.

Death seem'd to triumph when He fell—  
 A fiendish gladness ran in hell ;—  
 But still it was the awful knell  
     That seal'd their deeper misery.

And now He lies in yonder grave,  
 Who walk'd upon the ocean wave,  
 And came in love and power to save—  
     Revealing immortality.

His few disciples look'd forlorn,  
 Their anxious souls with grief were torn,  
 Until the resurrection morn  
     Remov'd their dark despondency.

The angels roll'd away the stone,  
 And in their heavenly glory shone,  
 And JESUS, from the garden tomb,  
     Arose in all His majesty.

He spent His few remaining days,  
 To soothe the hearts that on Him stays ;  
 The glory of a God displays  
     In unpretending dignity.

His suffering days on earth were gone—  
 But e'er He sought His Father's home,  
 Or mounts the Mediator's throne,  
     He bless'd their souls at Bethany.

And when His hands were lifted high,  
 He leaves the earth and mounts the sky ;  
 They gaze on Him with anxious eye,  
     Till lost in dark obscurity.



The work of mercy finish'd then,  
 The gates of glory rang again,  
 And cherubim and seraph came  
 To shout the joyful victory.

The souls of ransom'd men were there,  
 Who reach'd their home through faith and prayer,  
 And still their songs in glory were—  
 The finish'd work of Calvary.

The sea of glass, a crystal sheet,  
 Around its shores the ransom'd meet,  
 And there the love of CHRIST is deep,  
 And flows through all eternity.

The universe he gently guides,  
 And he that in His love confides  
 Is safe, while JESUS CHRIST presides,  
 Awarding ALL their destiny.

Unseen, but felt, and present still—  
 All nature bends to do His will :  
 O, JESUS ! thy unerring skill,  
 Shall crown our souls with victory.

Thy praises shall our tongues employ,  
 In times of grief and times of joy ;  
 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er destroy  
 Our hopes of immortality.

O, JESUS! lead me on the road,  
Thou ever dear redeeming God,  
Who on the waves of ocean trode,  
And prov'd thy real divinity.

When death and darkness shall appear,  
O, strip it of its terror here ;  
With light and hope my bosom cheer,  
Presaging immortality.

And make eternal glory shine,  
Along the vast unbroken line,  
Where ransom'd souls shall gladly join,  
Exploring endless mystery.

### NEW-YEAR'S HYMN.

DECEMBER's snows and winds are past,  
Dismantl'd nature droops forlorn,  
JEHOVAH JESUS ruled the blast,  
And mingled mercy in the storm.

He comes unseen, in love and power,  
On everlasting kindness borne ;  
When sad forboding dangers lour,  
He mingles mercy in the storm.

Another year has pass'd away—  
At times our hearts with grief were torn ;  
But JESUS prov'd a constant stay,  
And calm'd the wild conflicting storm.

When earthly joys and griefs are past,  
And death shall change our present form,  
We'll sleep secure beneath the blast,  
And hear no more the raging storm.

When He appears, the grave shall shake,  
And death shall lose its loathsome form,  
And those who sleep in Him shall wake,  
And smile amidst the awful storm.

The heaving earth, and ocean's bed,  
Shall be from their foundations torn ;  
The saints, away to glory led,  
In triumph far above the storm.

TO MR. —

You are an active nervous man,  
With powerful mind expanding,  
Arranging some majestic plan,  
To raise your future standing.

You hold a most important place—  
A planet in creation ;  
And, filling up a void in space,  
To keep us from starvation.

But mind, when men are lifted high,  
Pride often makes them stumble ;  
Look up to Him who fram'd the sky—  
His greatness makes us humble.

And, since you're raised to place and power,  
Be strict in moral feeling,  
Or some unguarded evil hour  
Will set your heart a reeling.

Passions cherished, stronger grow,  
And wear away devotion ;  
And then we're drifted like the snow,  
In storms of wild commotion.

Fix your anchor in the skies—  
From sin seek separation ;  
And though the mountain billows rise,  
The end shall be salvation.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR E——.

OUR valued friend has pass'd away,  
And left us a' behind ;  
The cares of this conflicting life  
No more disturb his mind.

He had a feeling, anxious heart,  
Where kind emotions ran ;  
In all his plans, it form'd a part,  
To help his brother man.

If e'er he found that friend or foe  
Would treat his views with scorn,  
His nervous passion soon would rise,  
Like ocean in a storm.

He thought himself upon the way  
That JESUS CHRIST had trode,  
And felt, when we oppos'd his views,  
We were opposing God.

Then who would blame his honest zeal—  
His motives were divine ;  
And, now, I trust, his spirit doth  
In endless glory shine.

TO A FRIEND.

DEAR JOHN, another year is past—  
To me a year of anxious toil;  
Oppress'd with care, and torn with grief,  
That often made my heart recoil.

Compar'd with mine, your level path,  
Has been with ease and pleasure trode;  
Traversing winding flow'ry walks,  
You mark'd the care of nature's God.

No savage death has torn from you  
A blooming, sweet, confiding child;  
No meddling mind will bring to view  
How sweetly that dear lassie smil'd.

But level land is scarce of springs,  
And sameness makes our blessing cloy;  
Perhaps a sharp, harrassing sting  
Would whet your mind for purer joy.



'Tis best, at times, to brave the storm—  
To travel in the thunder train ;  
And hear the pealing notes rebound  
'Midst caverns that distil the rain.

And now, dear friend, may joy and peace  
Attend you as you wander on,  
Until, through storms and calms, you reach  
A bright and more enduring home.

**AN ADDRESS TO NATURE,**

**AND**

**REFLECTIONS ON PAST EVENTS, ON THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.**

**HAIL ! cheerful op'ning Spring !  
Thy flowers adorn the lea ;  
The mavis and the linnet sing  
Upon the hazel tree.**

**The Winter winds have fled,  
And slumber in their caves ;  
Or, to the howling desert led,  
They roll the sandy waves.**

**But here, the Spring's return  
Has cloth'd the yellow broom ;  
Along the banks of Bannockburn,  
The flow'rs of nature bloom.**

**The days of Bruce have gone,  
When Scotchmen, firm and brave,  
With sword in hand, went rushing on,  
To glory or the grave.**

Their names are here embalm'd,  
And in our bosoms lie ;  
And tho' the raging storm is calm'd,  
Their deeds shall never die.

O, Scotland ! dear to me ;  
I love thy sacred sod :  
On Caledonian hills we're free,  
Where slaves have never trode.

May peace and freedom reign,  
And Scotland lead the van ;  
And with her moral force maintain  
The precious rights of man.

REFLECTIONS ON A SABBATH MORNING,  
WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS UNWELL.

THE Sabbath morn has come,  
And people flock away  
To churches, where the gospel sun  
Shall bless the Sabbath day.

They wait on Zion hill,  
And look beyond the sky ;  
Redeeming love their bosoms fill,  
From streams that never dry.

And JESUS CHRIST is there,  
And brings a blessing down ;  
He gives his Spirit to prepare  
The jewels for his crown.

There sinful passions die,  
While faith and love expand ;  
On wings of faith they mount, and fly  
To view the promis'd land.

The emblems of his death,  
In bread and wine are given,  
Which whets the glitt'ring sword of faith,  
To fight their way to heaven.

But to the vale of life,  
They must descend again,  
And mingle in the world's strife,  
Amidst conflicting pain.

There they must watch and pray,  
And from temptation fly,  
Or else their love shall soon decay,  
And blighted hope shall die.

But He who trode the waves  
Shall guide his people still;  
His power from sin and danger saves,  
With everlasting skill.

### ON A PERSECUTED SAINT.

In the silence of night, when nature sleeps,  
I dreamt, and wept, and gladly sang ;  
'Twas the joy in grief, when nature weeps,  
For suffering ransom'd man.

The moon rose high, and her silver light  
Shone on a bank where a stream ran by ;  
Under a tree sat an aged wight,  
And he look'd on the starry sky.

He breath'd a prayer, which pass'd the stars,  
And reach'd the throne of the Lamb ;  
Jesus felt, and he looked anew  
On the fallen state of man.

He spoke from His throne, and angels sung,  
And sail'd on the streams of light,  
And reach'd the bank, the burn, and the tree,  
That shelter'd the aged wight.

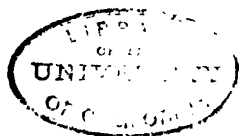
And then in the ear of the saint was heard  
 A song, which the angels of glory sing—  
 A song too high for an earthly bard,  
 For death and the grave had lost their sting.

The body was left to rot and decay,  
 Returning to dust from whence it came ;  
 The soul with the angels of light bore away—  
 Away to the Lamb that was slain.

On thunder paths they wing'd their flight,  
 And other saints and angels shone,  
 And welcom'd his soul to the land of light—  
 To a bright and endless home.

On this desert earth he wander'd and wept ;  
 To escape the tyrant he left his home ;—  
 Whole nights on the muir he was forc'd to sleep—  
 With his heart oppress'd, and body worn.

But now he is gone where the tyrant's wrath  
 Shall never mix in the music above ;  
 He wanders and sings on the cherub's path ;  
 The Lamb and God are his light and love.



### THE PIOUS MAN.

MANY an anxious day he toil'd;—  
At times his heart was sad:  
His reputation ne'er was soil'd;—  
He still compassion had.

He spent his youth by Lugar stream—  
With early morn arose,  
Like woodland flowers, that's seldom seen,  
But still in beauty grows.

The petted lamb, and three milk cows,  
Were all the charge he had;  
And then he sang among the knowes—  
His youthful heart was glad.

School'd in the holy Book of God,  
The Questions and the Creed;  
He in these paths of knowledge trode,  
And well he learn'd to read.

He learn'd the song the angels sung  
On Bethlehem's shining plain,  
When Judah's rocks responses rung  
To the exalted strain.



He grew in knowledge, strength, and grace—  
 Decision mark'd his way ;  
 And, with unfalt'ring steps, he trac'd  
 The paths of endless day.

To him each maiden's heart was warm—  
 The cheerful and the grave ;  
 But Betty had the richest charm,  
 And sweetest pleasure gave.

And soon they join'd their hearts and hands,  
 With pleasant prospects then ;  
 The morning and the evening psalms  
 Were sweetly sung by them.

This world's riches ne'er was theirs,  
 But, in united love,  
 They sooth'd each other's growing cares,  
 And spoke of joys above.

They had two sons to cheer their lot,  
 And one sweet daughter given,  
 And taught them lessons, ne'er forgot,  
 That leads away to heaven.

But, when the sons to manhood came,  
 They left their father's home ;  
 And Peggy cross'd the raging main,  
 And every child was gone.

But lessons learn'd in early life,  
 Eras'd can never be;  
 They hold the heart, in storm and strife,  
 Like anchor in the sea.

To prove this truth, these children all  
 Pursued their parents' way,  
 And in their troubles, great or small,  
 They found an earthly stay.

But here our friends must pass away—  
 One son to death has gone;  
 He was their strongest earthly stay,  
 Who slumbers in the tomb.

The mother's heart sunk down in grief,  
 Which on her son reclin'd;  
 And nothing here could bring relief  
 To her afflicted mind.

At length disease, with ling'ring stealth,  
 Made inroads dark and deep,  
 Destroying what remain'd of health,  
 And chaf'd her broken sleep.

She said, CHRIST shall take care of me—  
 I'll trust His love and power;—  
 He'll guide me through this stormy sea  
 To His celestial bower.

At last, in death she sunk away,  
 While hope and joy were given;  
 But JESUS was her constant stay,  
 And led her home to heaven.

And still the aged, holy man,  
 With patriarchal grace,  
 Is treading out Jehovah's plan,  
 And soon shall see His face.

His sun of life is setting now,  
 With pleasing prospects nigh;  
 Hope dwells upon his aged brow,  
 And paints the evening sky.

He lately in affliction lay:  
 Death seem'd approaching then;  
 But Hope spread forth her glad'ning ray,  
 And every fear was slain.

He said, I feel a change is near:  
 But still His love and power,  
 Hath fully vanquish'd death and fear,  
 In this eventful hour.

His grace and glory shone afar,  
 But now approaches near;  
 And now the bright and morning star  
 Hath banish'd all my fear.

### SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

THE Winter storms have fled,  
We hail the smiling Spring ;  
The trees are richly clad,  
Where linnets sweetly sing.

With gold the clouds are fring'd,  
In shaded folds they lie,  
In dyes of heaven ting'd,  
Along the eastern sky.

The Sabbath morn has come,  
The morning sun appears,  
His daily course to run,  
And number in our years.

I hail this blessed morn,  
And lift my mind to Him,  
Whose power the grave hath torn,  
And conquer'd death and sin.

And soon the Sabbath bell  
 Responding hearts shall greet,  
 Inviting us to dwell  
 Where God and sinners meet.

And here I'll bend in prayer  
 Upon this flow'ry lea,  
 And all my wants declare  
 To Him who died for me.

Thou former of the earth,  
 And framer of the sky,  
 Who gave creation birth—  
 Before thy throne I lie.

On thee I do depend—  
 Extend thy love and power;—  
 Thy blessed Spirit send,  
 To cheer each lonely hour.

Look on my little bairns—  
 In loving kindness look;—  
 Embrace them in thy arms,  
 And write them in thy book.

And may we all have grace  
 To travel to the sky,  
 And there in glory trace  
 Thy boundless majesty.

THE CHILLY WINTER WINDS HAD CEAS'D.

THE chilly Winter winds had ceas'd,  
The frost and snows were fled,  
And Nature showed her lovely breast,  
With flowers and verdure clad.

And on the Allan's bonny braes,  
The woods with music rang,  
And still the constant water plays  
Where birks and hazels hang.

'Twas here I spent the morn of life,  
And here my love began,  
Before I felt this world's strife,  
Or knew the guile of man.

And still I climb life's weary steep,  
With cares and sorrows worn ;  
And though the scene is often bleak,  
I try to brave the storm.

If e'er a cherish'd bosom friend  
Proves faithless or unkind,  
It gives a deep and painful sting  
To my afflicted mind.

But friendship proves a broken stay,  
If on it we depend ;  
Or, like a show'ry winter day,  
That's hast'ning to an end.

### THE BACKSLIDER.

HE felt in his soul a sad decline  
Of ardent pious feeling ;  
The snares of life, and the cares of time,  
As damps o'er the soul were stealing.

In solemn approach, the Sabbath came,  
But came with a stern rebuke ;  
The Priest of God, with his Master's claim,  
Made the wounded bosom droop.

And then remorse, with its cutting pain,  
The broken heart was drilling ;  
And ev'ry hope of the soul was slain,  
In the ocean of dismal feeling.

He strove to return—but durst not vow—  
For vows were always failing ;  
Dark were his dreary prospects now,  
And the chords of his heart were wailing.



But still he thought of a Saviour's name—  
He thought of his Saviour rising ;  
And hope arose in his heart again—  
But hopes and fears were striving.

And then he thought of saints that fell—  
He thought of their sad condition ;  
How anguish made their bosoms swell,  
In the midst of deep contrition.

At length the hope of mercy came—  
But hope in mist was shrowded ;  
For still in his soul a gnawing pain  
Made his prospects dark and clouded.

### THE GREENLANDER.

My anxious mind has travell'd far  
Away, where men have seldom gone ;  
Wand'ring where the polar star  
Looks sternly o'er the frigid zone.

Where darkness reigns in six months gloom,  
The natives live in hills of snow ;  
No waving pine, nor yellow broom,  
Upon the sterile waste can grow.

In snowy beds the natives sleep,  
And there the shiv'ring beings lie,  
In regions which are cold and bleak,  
While howling tempest passes by.

The silver moon appears at night—  
The length'ning dreary waste is seen,  
Reflecting far the dazzling light  
Where exil'd man has seldom been.

The eye of man can scarcely see  
 The use of this forsaken spot;  
 Always a forlorn hope to me—  
 A land that has long been forgot.

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### THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

I LOVE her well—have lov'd her long;  
 She's constant, kind and cheery, O;  
 And often she has cheer'd me on,  
 When a' was dark and dreary, O.  
 She's been my wife for twenty years—  
 Has had ten bairnies bonny, O;  
 And still to me as young appears  
 As when she ne'er had ony, O.

Our love is no the wild romance  
 That youthfu' dreamers cherish, O;  
 Nor like the lightning's hasty glance,  
 That brightens but to perish, O.  
 'Tis like a fountain rising pure,  
 Or like a flowing river, O;  
 Our mutual love shall aye endure,  
 And grow and bloom for ever, O.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MURRAY OF POLMAISE.

THY image fills my anxious mind—  
Some whisp'ring spirit says,  
We all may weep, and mourn for thee—  
Dear Lady of Polmaise.

Ye children, that attend her schools,  
You well may mourn and cry ;  
For death has shut the tender hand,  
And clos'd the melting eye.

That keen, expressive eye, is clos'd,  
Before whose glancing, bright,  
Vice shrunk away, and virtue came,  
Adorn'd in robes of light.

She went about amongst the poor,  
Her feeling heart was kind ;  
But O, there's none to fill the space  
Our Lady's left behind.

She often bent her angel steps  
 Amidst disease and grief;  
 And strove to lighten dark distress,  
 And give to souls relief.

Her noble form, I often see  
 Amidst her female train,  
 Whose silent tears shall flow for her  
 They ne'er shall meet again.

All nature's wither'd round Polmaise,  
 The yellow leaves are driven ;  
 The birds are silent in the grove,  
 Cold blows the winds of heaven.

A dark December's sullen sky  
 Enshrouds the weary scene ;  
 In every look there's settled grief,  
 In every bosom pain.

But He who bounds the raging deep,  
 And fram'd the starry sky,  
 Hath also fix'd a firm decree,  
 That man shall surely die.

'Tis wisdom guides His actions deep—  
 Then why should we complain ?  
 All things shall work for good to those  
 Who love His blessed name.

And tho' she's pass'd the bounds of time  
To some unseen abode,  
She serv'd her Maker here on earth,  
And will be with her God.

And there, in fields for ever bright,  
In one unbroken range,  
Her happy spirit dwells in light,  
Beyond the reach of change.

### ON THE WORD OF GOD.

O LET us prize the Word of God,  
Which tells the way to heaven,  
And brings relief to troubl'd souls,  
When tempest-toss'd and driven.

We read the works of man with care,  
And through their beauties wander ;  
But still the weary anxious soul,  
Seeks out for something grander.

And then the whole creation wide  
Lies stretching out before us ;  
The earth and sea, the sun and stars,  
Uniting, swell the chorus.

We trace the winding silver stream,  
Which wanders to the ocean ;  
The fields, and flowers, and spreading trees,  
Awaken sweet emotion.

But though we scan the earth and sky,  
And mete the whole creation,  
We never there can learn the plan  
That brings to man salvation.

But, in the precious Book of God,  
We learn redeeming wonders,  
Which soothes the anxious soul to rest,  
Amidst alarming thunders.

Come, then, and sing His praise on earth,  
And chant redemption's story,  
Until we pass the bounds of time,  
And climb the heights of glory.



## NEW-YEAR'S HYMN.

O, LET us sing to JESUS,  
And hail His blessed name;  
He came in love to save us,  
And still He loves the same.

When CHRIST appear'd in infant days,  
The shining angels sang;  
From Juda's cliffs the holy lays,  
In notes of mercy rang,  
Then, let us sing, &c.

We thank Him for the op'ning year—  
Our life to Him belongs;  
Then let us live in holy fear,  
And learn angelic songs.  
O, let us sing, &c.

Each glowing heart to Him expands—  
We hail the coming year;  
Obeying still our Lord's commands,  
In holy, jealous fear.  
Now, let us sing, &c.

While health, and strength, and youth remains,  
And when our days decline,  
'Midst disappointment, grief and pains,  
Our hope shall brighter shine.  
Still, let us sing, &c.

When earth is left, and all its pains,  
Our souls shall mount on high,  
And meet upon the heavenly plains,  
Beyond the starry sky.  
O, let us sing, &c.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

THE Winter storms had pass'd away,  
And opening blossoms hail'd the Spring;  
Wild flow'rs adorn'd the woodland brae,  
And dipt their shadows in the linn.

The evening sun went gently down—  
All nature slept in mild repose;—  
But my dear Mary sunk in death  
Before the morning sun arose.

It was a sad, a darksome night—  
My tortur'd mind was fill'd with care;  
And, while she struggl'd hard in death,  
My only solace was in prayer.

Thou wert cut down in early life,  
As opening flowers are nipt in bloom;  
And now thy father mourns to see  
The grass grow over Mary's tomb.

Thou wert my first, my blooming child—  
 So fair, so modest, meek, and gay ;  
 And sweetly that dear lassie smil'd,  
 And bore her father's heart away.

And now the hoary hairs of age  
 Are gathering round my aged brow ;  
 But thou forever wilt be young—  
 How sweet and innocent wert thou.

Again 'tis Winter, loud and fierce—  
 November's cold winds wildly sweep  
 Across the dreary, lone churchyard,  
 Where friends and foes promiscuous sleep.

I pass thy grave—I think on thee ;—  
 I hasten to the house of prayer ;—  
 Thy image in my mind I see—  
 But O, thy seat is empty there.

Thy little brother still survives,  
 Though fell disease has spent his frame ;  
 And when he lisps his ev'ning prayer,  
 He still repeats his sister's name.

But thou hast pass'd the bounds of time,  
 To some remote unseen abode ;  
 And still, I trust, through grace divine,  
 We will in heaven praise our God.

## ON HOPE.

No situation earth can give,  
Will lasting satisfaction bring ;  
Each soul on future prospects live—  
'Tis hope that makes our bosoms sing.

In midnight hours the student plods,  
In patient search, on subjects deep,  
Until exhausted nature nods,  
And claims a little rest in sleep.

But still, in hope, he toils away,  
And glory in the distance shines,  
And lights his weary troubl'd way,  
When drooping health and strength declines.

He treads the path that leads to fame,  
And climbs the giddy dazzling steep,  
And there enrolls his honour'd name,  
Which flames across the troubl'd deep.

But though his fame has reach'd afar,  
 And travell'd over earth and sea,  
 He sees a distant shining star  
 Which still attracts his anxious e'e.

The faithful lover sings and sighs,  
 And longs to see the happy hour ;  
 And, in his midnight dreaming, flies  
 To meet her in the shaded bower.

He fondly thinks of coming joys—  
 His heart with sweet emotions glow,  
 While love her winning power employs,  
 And makes the tender passion grow.

When day is past, and gloamin' comes,  
 With soft effulgence, o'er the lea,  
 Though far away, her image beams,  
 And meets his loving anxious e'e.

And, when the morning light appears,  
 He wakes, and sees her lovely form ;  
 And still he loves, but yet he fears—  
 But still on hope he's kindly borne.

He now obtains the charming prize—  
 The prize he fondly long'd to gain ;  
 But still some other objects rise,  
 And glance upon the distant plain.

The careful, honest tradesman, toils,  
 And rises with the early day;  
 And when a cheering prospect smiles,  
 His hours in pleasure pass away.

He looks upon his wife and bairns—  
 In love and care his bosom swims;  
 He folds them kindly in his arms,  
 And sees them in his midnight dreams.

When sore affliction wounds his soul,  
 He with a manly, noble air,  
 Stands forth, when dark'ning troubles roll,  
 And bids defiance to despair.

And when the weary ills of life,  
 Like overwhelming tempests, rise,  
 He looks beyond this scene of strife,  
 To brighter mansions in the skies.

Where he shall be releas'd from pain—  
 No care nor death shall sorrow bring—  
 And there eternal bliss obtain  
 Where cherubims of glory sing.

The active, shrewd, commercial man,  
 Extends his business far and wide,  
 And lays his deep extensive plans,  
 While hope the grand results abide,

When disappointments tease his soul,  
 'Tis hope that always brings him through ;  
 When obligations darkly roll,  
 His zeal and power is stretch'd anew.

He thinks that time shall work for him,  
 And many calculations tries ;  
 Although his present hopes are dim,  
 Yet still his future prospects rise.

He sees an overruling hand,  
 And lifts his grateful heart to Him ;  
 Then brighter hopes take full command,  
 Where all was dark as death and sin.

At length his hopes and joys arise—  
 He still in triumph onward sails ;  
 And ev'ry honour'd effort tries,  
 And rides the storm, and still prevails.

The farmer ploughs his fields in hope—  
 Prepares the land, and sows the seed,  
 Expecting an abundant crop,  
 But patience has her work to plead.

When rain descends and soaks the land,  
 And worms and cold destroy the grain,  
 Then blighted hopes forlornly stand,  
 And languish in the cold and rain.



He backward looks to former years,  
 And hope blinks o'er his heart anew ;  
 He minds that hope supplanted fears,  
 And from experience comfort drew.

And when the with'ring winds are past,  
 And light and warmth return again,  
 He sees abundance rising fast,  
 And triumphs over wind and rain.

And when the yellow waving grain  
 Is safely cut, and gather'd in,  
 He feels his Maker's holy claim,  
 And grateful feelings rise to Him.

The sailor leaves his native shore,  
 And launches on the ocean wide ;  
 Tho' howling winds and waters roar,  
 He must the mountain billows ride.

When whirling tempests lash the deep,  
 And in their madd'ning fury roll ;  
 Then all is danger, dark and bleak,  
 And hope forsakes the drooping soul.

But still he thinks on dangers past,  
 And hope appears amidst the storm ;  
 It nerves his heart to face the blast  
 While on the raging billows borne.

His anxious soul is rais'd in prayer,  
 While lightnings flash and thunders ride,  
 And howl their notes of dark despair,  
 Which bursts upon the foaming tide.

And when, amidst the shattering wreck,  
 His every hope of life is gone,  
 He trusts the God of Love will take  
 His never-dying spirit home.

The Christian lives in joy and grief,  
 While sin and sorrow wait on him ;  
 But future hope brings down relief,  
 And triumphs over death and sin.

When gloomy shades of grief appear,  
 And lonely nights of solitude  
 Hang heavy on his prospects drear,  
 And o'er his midnight musing brood.

But still he looks, with eagle eye,  
 To some remote endearing clime,  
 Rejoicing as he mounts on high,  
 And soars beyond the bounds of time.

Again his giant passions rise—  
 They mock his holy strivings then ;  
 But still he struggles on, and tries,  
 Although his hopes are almost slain.

At length the rays of light appear,  
 Where all was wilderness and gloom;  
 They charm the soul and banish fear,  
 And with unfading verdure bloom.

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PSALM CXXXIII.

How sweet to see the saints of God  
 Abide in love together,  
 And, all along the heavenly road,  
 Supporting one another.

In pleasant unity to meet,  
 And tell their ground of gladness;  
 And, when the cares of life are bleak,  
 To tell their tale of sadness.

Like precious ointment pour'd upon  
 The honour'd head of Aaron,  
 Which gave a richer, sweeter smell,  
 Than roses brought from Sharon.

It ran along his flowing heard,  
 His flowing robes perfuming;  
 The priest of God was then prepar'd  
 To act without presuming.

So love and peace with GOD and man  
Are by our LORD appointed,  
Ere we can understand the plan  
To serve the Lord's Anointed.

As dew descends on Hermon's hill,  
And cheers the thirsty mountain,  
May love and peace our bosoms fill,  
From heaven's exhaustless fountain.

And then the blessing shall appear,  
On Sion hill descending,  
And thirsty souls shall gladly cheer  
With bless that's never-ending.

PSALM CVII.

GIVE thanks and praise unto the LORD,  
Whose goodness is our stay ;  
His mercy sweet relief affords,  
And ne'er shall pass away.

Then let the ransom'd sons of GOD—  
Those souls He hath redeem'd—  
Look back on sin's forlorn abode,  
Where death and terror gleam'd.

And think on Him who gather'd them  
From Egypt's dreary land ;  
Who now have turn'd away from shame,  
And in His image stand.

They wander'd in the weary gloom—  
With thirst and hunger toil'd ;  
In their extreme, the desert bloom'd,  
When He in kindness smil'd.

When dangers rose, like wave on wave,  
They cried unto Him then ;  
He came in haste and love to save,  
And every foe was slain.

He led them safely on the way  
To His sublime abode ;  
He was their sure and constant stay,  
Their Saviour and their God.

Then, let us praise the name of God,  
And daily homage bring,  
Until we reach the bright abode,  
Where saints and angels sing.

## NATURE AND MAN.

I MIND the early blossoms  
    Embalming zephyr's wing ;  
No blight to wound their bosoms,  
    Expanding in the Spring.

The Summer morn was charming,  
    The woods with music rang ;  
The sun the earth was warming,  
    And flowers in glory hang.

And Autumn, with abundance  
    Of yellow waving corn,  
Gave forth her rich redundancy  
    To cheer the Winter morn.

But now the leaves are falling,  
    Declining Nature mourns ;  
And howling winds are wailing  
    Before the Winter storms.

So, like the leaves, I'm fading—  
 My Spring has pass'd away ;  
 And thick'ning clouds are shading  
 My short declining day.

This day will soon be ended,  
 With all my trials past,  
 And joys and sorrows blended,  
 In one abode at last.

But, through redemption's story,  
 I'll reach a blessed shore,  
 And climb the heights of glory,  
 His wonders to explore.

And there, with angel fleetness,  
 To sail on streams of light ;  
 And there the Lamb, in meekness,  
 Is every soul's delight.

And there, we shall assemble  
 Around the throne above ;  
 No aching hearts shall tremble  
 Before the God of Love.

And there, with joy and wonder,  
 With saints and cherubs bright,  
 We'll tread the paths of thunder  
 Along the fields of light.



No darkning cloud shall ever  
 Spread terror or dismay ;  
 But, like a peaceful river,  
 Our time shall pass away.

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### A MOTHER'S LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

THE morning sun ascends the sky,  
 Dispelling darkness where he comes ;  
 His beams upon the ocean lie—  
 He still in native glory runs.

But though his presence fills the earth,  
 And smiles upon the flowery lea ;  
 And though the woodlands ring with mirth,  
 There is an awful blank with me.

My husband slumbers in the grave—  
 Full many pleasant days we past'd,  
 When troubles rose, like wave on wave,  
 He screen'd me from the piercing blast.

But still it was no lose to him—  
 He serv'd his Saviour here below;  
 And I am sure he enter'd in  
 Where howling tempests never blow.

But time roll'd on, and health remain'd,  
 And wrought a favour'd change on me;  
 Although at times my heart was pain'd,  
 And tears bedimm'd my anxious e'e.

My son and daughter stay'd at home,  
 And wrought, and manag'd all things well;  
 But now to death that son is gone,  
 And anguish makes my bosom swell.

O, Johnnie, thou hast left me here:  
 Your mother and your sisters weep;  
 Your welcome voice we'll never hear—  
 This land of care is cold and bleak.

O, death, thou hast a painful sting:  
 My wounded bleeding bosom pines;  
 O, could I mount a cherub's wing,  
 I'd seek for rest in other climes.

In boundless regions, far remote,  
 Away from grief and fear of change,  
 My earthly troubles all forgot,  
 And in eternal glory range.

But I must wait my time on earth,  
And hopefully depend on Him  
Whose power and goodness gave me birth,  
Whose love can save from death and sin.

In wisdom all His works are done,  
And though these trials cast me down,  
He hath the work of grace begun,  
And I at last shall wear a crown.

AMERICAN SLAVERY,  
IN THE CASE OF JOHN BROWN.

AMERICAN character fearfully gleam'd  
In that heart-sick'ning tale of Orleans,  
Where the judge and the jurors like savages seem'd,  
Or tigers let loose from their chains.  
A poor female slave, in the midst of her danger,  
Appeal'd to the feelings of Brown,  
Who gladly assisted the flight of the stranger,  
To bear her away from the thirsty avenger,  
Secure from the reach of his frown.

And now, in the blaze of American freedom,  
John Brown, for his kindness, must die ;  
'Midst the howl of the savage, to glory they'll lead him,  
Away to the mansions on high.  
But base Judge O'Neil, and the jurors, shall meet,  
When the long sleep of ages is past :  
In a land far remote from Orleans they shall weep,  
And wander in regions immoral and bleak—  
The murderer's home—at the last.

What a shame, Judge O'Neil, to insult the Most High,  
 Designating virtue a crime ;  
 From your low seat of judgment you'll languish and die,  
 And hangmen alone shall repine.  
 Reverse your dark sentence, while anguish doth slumber—

Revoke the decree you have plann'd ;  
 Or vengeance shall strike, and the bolts of her thunder  
 Shall toss up your Union, and tear it asunder,  
 With death and distress in your land.

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ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. MARSHALL,  
 MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, STIRLING.

OUR unpretending friend is gone,  
 Who preach'd salvation clearly ;  
 Our minds shall linger round the tomb  
 Of him we lov'd so dearly.

Each heavenly truth he did display,  
 In native glory burnish'd ;  
 On each returning Sabbath day,  
 His mind was richer furnish'd.

Our humble pastor ne'er would choose  
 To plan a human story ;  
 But tried to give the Spirit's views,  
 And lead us on to glory.

His style was nervous, chaste and clear—  
 No spinning down to weakness ;  
 Through him, the gospel did appear  
 In all its native greatness.

We mourn his loss : we lov'd him well :  
 We'll think upon his kindness,  
 And on the truth he used to tell,  
 Dispelling moral blindness.

He's now reliev'd from grief and toil,  
 No anxious cares to ponder ;  
 No pain shall his enjoyments spoil—  
 "My head, my head," no longer.

His body rests where nature smiles,  
 In sweet attractive grandeur :  
 To Logie hills and peaceful vales  
 Our thoughts shall often wander.

For there he sleeps in silent death,  
 And pealing bolts of thunder  
 Are powerless, as the breeze's breath,  
 To wake him from his slumber.

But boast not, death ; thy sting is gone :  
Boast not thy countless numbers ;  
CHRIST shall awake us from the tomb,  
His power shall break our slumbers.

And then the living soul shall join  
The body that was sleeping ;  
They shall in endless glory shine,  
Whom God in love was keeping.

His life was hid with CHRIST in God ;  
No idle ostentation  
Has ever mark'd the path he trod,  
Attracting observation.

He now has left us for a while,  
And cross'd death's swelling river ;  
Beyond the reach of pain and toil  
His soul shall bloom for ever.

## THE LASS OF BANNOCKBURN.

My dearest lassie blooms so sweet,  
She charms my soul at ev'ry turn ;  
And a' my fond affections beat  
Towards the Lass of Bannockburn.  
Her locks are like the raven's wings,  
Her air is like the Spring's return ;  
Her cheeks are like the rose that hings,  
Upon the braes of Bannockburn.

I met her where the hawthorn blooms ;—  
The mavis sung his gloamin sang—  
The scented thorn and flow'ry brooms  
Hung o'er the cliffs where echoes rang.  
She press'd my hand in love, and sigh'd—  
I press'd it gently in return ;  
And aye her loving looks replied—  
“ There's nane like you on Bannockburn.”

The moon shone o'er the Ochil hills,  
And peaceful was the starry night ;  
And there the falling dew distils  
Her pearl drops to morning light.  
And there I vow'd I would be true—  
She pledg'd her honour in return ;  
And still our love the stronger grew  
Upon the braes of Bannockburn.



## DESCRIPTION.

CALM was the night, and the air was sweet,  
The sun went down to his evening home;  
His last rays were colouring the face of the deep,  
And bright on the brow of the mountain shone.

The light turn'd faint on the eastern sky,  
The vault seem'd blue, and the dusk drew on;  
Yet still in the west the bright beams lie,  
Unfolding a theme for an angel's song.

Darkness increas'd, and the peaceful night  
Mantled the sky in her robes of blue;  
The blackbird clos'd his music pipe,  
And away to his dame and her young ones flew.

The rising voice of the murmuring stream  
Was broke by the noise of the rippling rills;  
The fair advancing moon is seen  
As she looks o'er the top of the distant hills.

Wonderful works, where the great I AM  
Dwells in a radiance of glory unseen;  
And there He's unfolding His first-laid plan;  
Where the thought of an angel ne'er has been.

### THE LOST SOUL.

I LIV'D in sin and died despairing—  
Terror shook my gastly form ;  
Anguish still, in strength preparing,  
On the wheels of vengeance borne.

Driven on to dreary regions,  
Where the vilest spirits meet ;  
Mingling in the foul contagion,  
Waves of terror wildly sweep.

No home is here, no rest from sorrow,  
The weary eyelids never sleep ;  
No moon, no star, nor hope of morrow,  
Gilds the howling shoreless deep.

Every soul in hell is shaking—  
The universe doth wildly rock ;  
Clouds of darkness always breaking  
Through a glare of burning smoke.

Shrinking back in dreadful anguish,  
Falling down a darker deep ;  
Deathless souls do wail and languish,  
Sighing for an endless sleep.

Mercy never sought nor given—  
Sinning on in wild despair ;  
Rolling thunders, launch'd from heaven,  
Ne'er extorts a humble prayer.

On earth I scorn'd the great salvation—  
Priz'd my houses and my land ;  
Now in endless desolation  
I am number'd with the damn'd.

### THE REDEEMED SOUL.

I've reach'd the shores of bliss,  
Where saints and angels shine,  
Adorn'd in holiness,  
And singing songs divine.

The universe doth smile,  
And holy cherubs bright,  
On wings of love, doth sail,  
Along the fields of light.

Each heart is lifted high—  
'Tis lifted to the throne  
Of Him who left the sky  
To bring the exiles home.

This joy shall never cease—  
From change and danger free;  
And glory shall increase  
Unto eternity.

Jehovah still reveals  
 His kingdom to our view ;  
 Each saint and angel feels  
 A pleasure always new.

The stars may be derang'd,  
 And to confusion run ;  
 Our bliss shall ne'er be chang'd  
 While onward ages come.

No sin to cloud the mind,  
 No passion to annoy ;  
 No selfish love to blind,  
 No pain to mar our joy.

Here the Saviour reigns,  
 And leads the ransom'd throng ;  
 And still his presence claims  
 A more enraptur'd song.

I'll hail that happy morn  
 When Jesus shall descend,  
 And peal the trumpet horn,  
 And earth and seas shall rend.

On thunder paths he'll go,  
 And shining armies lead ;  
 He'll shake the earth below,  
 And start the silent dead.

The sleep of ages past,  
 My body shall arise,  
 And hail the trumpet's blast  
 That echoes through the skies.

The soul and body join'd,  
 In one unchanging tie,  
 Shall sing of love divine,  
 Along eternity.

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TO AN ACQUAINTANCE,  
 ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Your friend is gone : your dearest friend  
 Hath left this chequer'd scene ;  
 Away from a' her toils on earth—  
 Away from grief and pain.

To you there is a painful blank,  
 Which none on earth can fill ;  
 But never murmur nor complain—  
 It was his holy will.

And trust in Him who died for her,  
 And ask His strength and grace,  
 To soften and subdue your will  
 To fill a mother's place.

Your mind will now revert to scenes  
 That never can return ;  
 But always look anew to Him  
 Who comforts those that mourn.

Death to her a shadow seem'd—  
 Beyond it all was bright ;  
 For fear and darkness, fled away  
 Before redeeming light.

And when the sleep of years are past,  
 She whom death has torn,  
 Shall rise to life, and hail with joy,  
 The resurrection morn.

And now, afflicted friend, I trust  
 You will in Christ abide ;  
 And then, amidst the snares of life,  
 He shall your footsteps guide.

And may the God of love direct  
 You and your youthful band,  
 And guide you thro' this weary scene,  
 Safe to Emanuel's land.

## MAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE.

IN man we see a strange compound,—  
At times his prospects brightly shine,  
And on the wings of hope he's found,  
For distant objects more sublime.

In infant days, how dress and toys  
Engage the little sporting mind ;  
Each new thing makes the heart rejoice,  
And older toys are cast behind.

When youth, and health, and beauty bloom's,  
The anxious female lays her plan,  
And still a careless air assumes,  
Towards the favour'd, chosen one.

And female beauty bloom's so sweet,  
Its soft'ning kindness soothes the heart,  
When kindred loving spirits meet,  
They feel as if they ne'er could part.

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And then they sigh for bliss to come,  
When marriage shall their wishes crown,  
With both their interests link'd in one,  
And love to banish ev'ry frown.

Then health and strength, and earthly bliss,  
Advances onward rank and file,  
And smiling fortune's balmy kiss,  
Does sweeten hours of anxious toil.

The evening comes with joy and peace—  
Calm is their sweet unbroken rest ;  
Their earthly comforts still increase,  
With care and sorrow ne'er oppress'd.

But after this, experience tells,  
That heavy trials must be borne,  
When pain the wounded bosom swells,  
Where all was cheerful as the morn.

O still it is a vale of tears,  
And time with speed is hasting on,  
When they shall have their anxious fears,  
And grief shall change the cheerful home.

And then they pause, and sigh and weep—  
Perhaps their earthly means are gone ;  
And adverse winds are cold and bleak,  
And summer friends away have flown.

Perhaps a blooming, lovely child,  
 Has now become a lifeless form,  
 The flower that bloom'd, and blush'd, and smil'd,  
 Has by relentless death been torn.

But still for man there's hope in death—  
 A bright and glorious kingdom shines—  
 And when we heave our latest breath,  
 Our souls may reach these happy climes.

Such hopes illumine the lonesome grave,  
 And cheer the darkest dreary hour,  
 And break the howling midnight wave  
 That would our fondest hopes devour.

But men in thousands scorn the truth,  
 And all these cheering hopes deride;  
 They must endure the sneers of youth,  
 Who in a SAVIOUR'S love confide.

When aged sinners mock and scorn,  
 And all the powers of truth defy;  
 You'll see at last they'll droop forlorn,  
 And death shall change the scornful eye.

But while there's life there's hope for all;  
 Each one requires his sins forgiven;  
 May CHRIST our wand'ring souls recall,  
 And lead us safely on to heaven.

### SELFISHNESS AND PRIDE.

UPON a snowy winter night,  
I sat beside the ingle,  
My brain would scarce direct me right  
To make the verses jingle.

At length the muse with speedy clink,  
Discover'd words and phrases,  
And left me little time to think,  
But spread like blooming daisies.

I wrote of John, I wrote of Jean,—  
I wrote their faults and failings ;  
But still good qualities were seen  
Amidst their senseless railings.

They always pay their lawful debts—  
This honour blinks upon them ;  
And then their cash secures respect  
From such as hang upon them.

They love to tread on all below,  
And mount their little molehill,  
And there like bantam cocks they crow—  
And march and look disdainful.

John bends beneath the height of man,  
And fawns the little lordie ;  
The laird has aye the foremost plan—  
John courts the “yellow Geordie.”

He sneaks and bends beneath the great—  
A tyrant to dependants ;—  
And scowls the beggar at the gate :  
The poor has few defendants.

### THE RICH IRRELIGIOUS MEN.

I KNOW a rude offensive man,  
As ever liv'd to vex another ;  
In every look his thoughts I scan,  
When he intends his plans to smother.

He lays up cash, and boasts of wealth,  
And thinks himself both great and clever ;  
And still by secret, cunning stealth,  
He tries to overreach his brother.

An honest man was tightly bound,  
By poverty's unbending tether,  
And then on him this villain frown'd  
And lov'd his little faults to gather.

He held him up to public scorn,  
And made him out the vilest sinner ;  
And when he saw him droop forlorn,  
It was like pudding to his dinner.

He says—I may have faults enow,  
But never made a great profession ;  
The hypocrites and saintly crew,  
Shall ne'er be pleas'd wi' my confession.

They say religion guides to rest,  
And pain awaits the unbeliever ;  
At times my soul is sorely prest,  
And no companion can relieve her.

But still I hate their holy ways—  
The ev'ning psalm is dull and dreary ;  
But O, how Jeanie sung their lays,  
And then she look'd in death so cheerie.

At times dark thoughts alarm my soul,  
And peal away their notes of thunder ;  
And coming wrath, like billows roll,  
And tear my very heart asunder.

Again my old companions come,  
And scoff away in mirth and madness ;  
Their shouts are like the tyrant's drum,  
And drowns the martyr's cry of sadness.

## RESPONSIBILITY AND DEPENDANCE.

FORTY years and three have pass'd,  
Since I became a creature ;  
Tho' young, the soul shall ever last,  
Eternal in its nature.

That point in time to me is vast,  
For when my years are number'd,  
I must look back and view the past,  
When pealing death has thunder'd.

My life or death shall scarce be known,  
Where men are daily dying ;  
But still this life and death's my own,  
And time is always flying.

No hand had I in life conferr'd ;  
'Twas GOD that gave me being ;—  
But still my Maker never err'd,  
Tho' we are blind at seeing.

Passive then, but active now,  
The mystery not perceiving ;  
Before his throne we humbly bow,  
His grace our fears relieving.

Solemn thought! it humbles man—  
Responsible—dependant ;—  
Part of a deep eternal plan—  
And God's the great defendant.

When this conflicting life is gone—  
When time has wheel'd its courses ;  
We ne'er can stand before his throne,  
Upon our own resources.

But mercy comes, as summer show'rs,  
When all is parch'd and dreary ;  
And fruits of love spring up as flowers,  
And hope revives the weary.



ON MAN'S UNFITNESS TO HARMONISE:  
ELECTION,  
WITH THE FREE OFFERS OF THE GOSPEL.

“The Judge of all the earth will do right.”

How many crude unfinished thoughts,  
In strange confusion wander,  
Before we see the simple truth  
In all its native grandeur.

To get the mind brought to a point,  
Away from all intrusion,  
We then may get a subject brought  
From endless dark confusion.

But still there's subjects stretching far,  
And in the distance rising,  
And leaving our created minds,  
Their foolish schemes devising.

On gospel themes—electing love—  
In vast eternal deepness,  
Which leaves a reckless guilty soul  
Amidst a scene of bleakness.

From what he feels, he's none of those  
Whom God at first selected ;  
And fears he'll find, when all is clos'd,  
His soul at last rejected.

But God in wisdom laid his plan,  
With wise exact precision ;  
Our destination never hang  
On chance and time's decision.

Where'er Jehovah is concern'd,  
His watchful eye is glancing ;  
Along the running stream of time  
He sees the end advancing.

And still salvation is proclaim'd—  
No sinner is rejected ;  
And when a weary soul returns,  
That soul is ne'er neglected.

Jehovah's plans are far remote,  
His holy vision stretches ;  
And to eternity afar  
His grand arrangement reaches.

But still the Judge of all the earth  
Is kind and sympathising,  
Altho' his ways are far beyond  
Our powers of harmonising.

Presumptuous man would scan his ways,  
And dovetail his proceedings,  
And bend the great Almighty's will  
Beneath our special pleadings.

But O ! this is a fruitless gem,  
Which wears away devotion,  
And leaves the mind perplex'd and worn  
In jumbling dark commotion.

Let guilty fallen helpless man  
Sink down in deep contrition,  
And look to GOD, to heaven, to hell,  
And see his real position.

Shut up in sin, forlorn and sad,  
No brother can relieve us ;  
And then we feel our helpless case,  
And trust our souls to JESUS.

LINES ON  
ROBERT MOFFAT, THE AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

Away to the desert, where savages wander,  
Brave Moffat a mission for JESUS has gone ;  
Midst bleak dreary wilds, in their stern native grandeur,  
He begs from the heathen an African home.

In the wilderness, drooping, in peril and danger,  
He all the fatigues of a soldier has borne ;  
And cold were their hearts to the soul-loving stranger,  
And oft has his bosom with anguish been torn.

His weapons were mercy, through CHRIST overflowing ;  
But long had he wielded these weapons with skill,  
Ere fruits of his work in their bosoms was growing :  
His watch-word was patience and tenderness still.

The wild beasts of prey in the wilderness roaring,  
And fearful as death was the awful rebound ;  
The sweet songs of Zion, their courage restoring,  
Was sung by the strangers on African ground.

When labours, and dangers, and fears were increasing,  
 The wild Africaner with mercy was crown'd ;  
 Their faith, and their labours and prayers, were unceas-  
 ing,  
 And God for the help of his people was found.

Those wild dreary regions of darkness and terror,  
 Are illum'd by the light of the Gospel that shines,  
 Lifting the soul from oppression and error,  
 And rudeness, and terror, and darkness declines.

The prayer of my heart is for heav'n's protection,  
 And thousands have lifted their souls to the skies,  
 That Moffat may bring a' his plans to perfection,  
 And Africa's sons may to glory arise.

Go on, Robert Moffat, and spread forth His glory ;  
 Go on in the path you have trode for His sake ;—  
 And tell to the heathen the heart-cheering story,  
 That JESUS his people shall never forsake.

The day of his triumph and power is approaching—  
 The light and the hope of the gospel shall shine ;  
 The heathen shall mourn and lament, for reproaching  
 Those truths where the souls of the ransom'd recline.

Satan shall fall, and the power of Jehovah  
 Shall shake down the kingdom of darkness and  
 gloom ;

In African deserts the sweet hallelujah  
Shall rise, and the wild moral desert shall bloom.

Arise, blessed JESUS, extend thy dominion—  
Shine forth out of Zion, thy place of abode ;  
Enlighten the savage, and change his opinion,  
Subdue him to love through the mercy of God.

Remember thy travail, thy wounds, and thy dying,  
Thy labours and toil for the ransom of man ;  
Awake when the heathen thy power is defying—  
Reveal to their bosoms thy wonderful plan.

Protect thy dear Moffat, when danger comes near him ;  
Support the dear female who shares in his toil—  
When danger perplexes, O come and relieve him,  
Thro' him make the African wilderness smile.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF HELEN SELBY.

HELEN was poor, and deaf, and dumb,  
But learn'd to read and write;  
Her feeling heart was sweet and young,  
Expanding in holy light.

Blooming like a desert flower,  
In lonely solitude,  
The bustling world pass'd her bower,  
But mercy in patience stood.

Helen's mind was powerful and grand,  
And rang'd creation wide;  
She hop'd in Him, at whose command,  
The pealing thunders ride.

She went to see the friends she lov'd,  
Friends that were dear and kind;  
And all their former kindness mov'd  
Around her grateful mind.

The winter winds were cold and chill,  
 And lash'd the winding Forth ;  
 Darkning clouds o'er the Ochil hill,  
 Drove from the angry North.

The " Albert " steamer rode the waves,  
 And came to Granton Pier ;  
 The water roar'd in ocean's caves,  
 But Helen could not hear.

She landed safe, but lost her way :  
 She, and her friendly guide,  
 Turn'd to the sea, and went astray,  
 And fell in the foaming tide.

But he who sav'd some lives before  
 Div'd to ocean's bed,  
 And brought them safely to the shore  
 Before their lives had fled.

But O, this shock was too severe  
 For Helen's tender frame ;  
 At length, amidst her anxious fear,  
 She wrote her master's name.

She wrote the name that's known by all,  
 And lov'd by old and young,  
 And many grateful thoughts recall—  
 A friend to the deaf and dumb.



At last she sunk away in death,  
 But death had lost its sting ;  
 Her soul arose on the wings of faith,  
 Where angels sweetly sing.

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## ON A

## LITTLE BOY WHO SUFFERED GREAT AFFLICTION.

O JAMIE, dear boy, we love thee full well—  
 Thy weakness increases our care ;  
 Thy tears and distress make our fond bosoms swell,  
 And thy case is the subject of prayer.

Our hearts are afraid on thy past years to look—  
 Thy form so attractive we see,  
 When you ran down the brae wi' your little school-  
 book,  
 And we watch'd till the hour you were free.

Still you are spar'd, and hope yet maintains  
 That health and more strength will be given :  
 May God in his mercy remove all your pains,  
 And lead you safe on towards heaven.

## THE TRIALS AND HOPES OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

A SAINT on earth, I travel on,  
And seek the way to heaven ;  
At times my hope hath faintly shone,  
In cloudy tempests driven.

I lost a valued bosom friend—  
Disease and death seem'd cruel ;  
But, in the darkness, mercy beam'd,  
And claim'd the ransom'd jewel.

The thought is awfully sublime—  
A soul to glory rising—  
Exploring heaven's unbounded clime,  
And all its wonders prizing.

By faith I felt the SON of GOD  
His sweet assurance sending ;  
Which on the moral tempest rode,  
And joy with grief was blending.

Then let us put our trust in Him  
Who stills the storms of ocean,  
And makes the troubl'd bosom calm,  
Where all was dark commotion.

And those who trust his power to save,  
Shall find their restoration ;  
Tho' troubles flow like wave on wave,  
The end shall be salvation.

He will uphold us by that power,  
That wheels the earth and ocean ;  
Death may our earthly hopes devour,  
But cannot touch devotion.

A FATHER'S LAMENT FOR HIS SON,  
WHO DIED IN INDIA.

By death my son away is torn,  
And lies beside the ocean's wave ;  
But still I think I see his form,  
Tho' slumb'ring in a stranger's grave.

Had I been there to see him die,  
To share his grief and soothe his heart ;  
To see my Samuel's anxious eye,  
And feel the thrill when spirits part.

My anxious thoughts have wander'd far,  
To find the lone uncertain spot,  
Where death in triumph drove the car,  
And earthly glory was forgot.

Unwept for, on the Indian shore—  
No mother's love nor sister's care ;  
But He who wept for man before,  
Was waiting on his humble prayer.

It may be right that he should die ;  
A blessing in disguise is sent,  
To lift our feelings to the sky,  
And mark how precious time is spent.

But since his life and death are past,  
And cannot be revers'd by man,  
I'll bow beneath the heavy blast,  
And bend to God's unerring plan.

He moves the earth, the sea and sky,  
And metes the ocean with a span,  
And, from eternity afar,  
Directs his love to fallen man.

**A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR A BELOVED DAUGHTER.**

IN life's dull path I travel on,  
Oppress'd with grief, and worn with care ;  
Alas! that weary, lonesome tomb—  
A husband, sons, and daughter there.

My faithful Jenny bloom'd a while,  
And often cheer'd my chequer'd lot ;  
Her artless, unpretending smile,  
Shall never, never be forgot.

Her father died, her brothers fell  
Beneath the awful stroke of death ;  
And when in grief my bosom swell'd,  
She whisper'd peace in every breath.

Now, she's away, and I must weep—  
But not like those whose hope is gone ;  
For tho' the grave be dark and bleak,  
There is a house beyond the tomb.

She lov'd and serv'd the Saviour here ;—  
 And those who love his blessed name,  
 In endless glory shall appear,  
 Beyond the reach of grief and pain.

Above the sun and stars she'll shine,  
 With seraphim and cherub bright,  
 And bask in rays of love divine,  
 In one unbroken field of light.

Perhaps our dear redeeming God  
 Will send her ransom'd spirit on,  
 To tread the path that angels trode,  
 And take her aged mother home.

I cannot tell how strange I feel,  
 While wand'ring on life's weary road ;  
 My feckless faith doth lamely spiel  
 Up Zion hill, to meet my God.

But still I'll wait, and still I'll trust  
 His mercy, and His power to save ;  
 And tho' he lay me in the dust,  
 Through him I'll triumph o'er the grave.



ON HEARING THE BELL RINGING FOR WORSHIP.

I LOVE to hear the Sabbath bell,  
Inviting us to meet,  
And with the God of Mercy dwell,  
And worship at his feet.

O, happy Scotland! happy isle!  
Compar'd with nations round  
Where Sabbath mornings faintly smile,  
To cheer the dark profound.

Release from labour for a day,  
When we are toil'd and worn,  
Should make a very deist say—  
I hail the Sabbath morn.

For six long days I've wrought and toil'd  
And eaten bread, alone;  
Last night my wife and children smil'd,  
To welcome father home.



We a' are clean'd and breakfast past—  
 The morn is calm and still ;  
 And now our souls shall find repast,  
 On Zion's holy hill.

O messengers of peace, proclaim  
 The wonders of his love,  
 And make a Saviour's honour'd name  
 Our inmost bosoms move.

The great Creator's works and word  
 Are rich exhaustless themes ;  
 Explore these wonders which afford  
 So many lovely strains.

Bring forth the lights and shadows here—  
 The tender and sublime ;  
 With all the glories that appear  
 Beyond the bounds of time.

And when another week is past,  
 And all its trials borne,  
 I'll worship Him who stills the blast  
 And gives the Sabbath morn.

TO A ROBIN REDBREAST  
THAT CAME INTO THE ROOM WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS LYING  
WITH A BROKEN LEG.

A ROBIN REDBREAST flew about  
The room where I was lying ;  
My children came with bits of bread  
To keep the bird from dying.

But still it discontented was—  
A prisoner and a stranger—  
And dash'd and flew from side to side,  
Afraid of coming danger.

Sweet bird, said I, content yourself—  
The fields are cold and dreary ;  
The snow is deep and frozen now ;  
O do not fret and weary.

I am confin'd as well as you,  
And on a bed am lying ;  
You're free from every pain, while I  
With broken leg am sighing.

Sweet bird, remain along with me,  
And banish all your care ;  
And when the frost and snow's away,  
You'll fly in open air.

Then onward to Balquhiddelock wood,  
You'll haste on cheerful wing,  
And flutter with your loving mate,  
Rejoicing in the spring.

The staff is now prepar'd for Tom,  
That cruel sleekit cat ;  
And if he dare but spring at you,  
He'll feel it on his back.

The bird is not contented here ;  
'Twould like an open space,  
To sing unseen by cats and men,  
Within its native place.

Alas, the guilt of fallen man,  
Has brought disorder here,  
And in the cruel heart is found  
The cause of all this fear.

The mind reverts to Paradise,  
Where holy pleasures ran,  
When birds repair'd to Adam's bow'r,  
And sang their songs to man.

But now the scene's completely chang'd,  
Conflicting passions rise ;  
We feel they're wrong, and a' deranged,  
And nature bleeds and dies.

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THE WIDOW AND CHILDREN, ASSEMBLED AFTER  
THE FATHER'S DEATH.

My husband's chair is empty now,  
And there his Bible lies,  
While grief sits on my Mary's brow  
And tears bedim her eyes.

Dear Jeanie only lisps his name,  
And knows not where he's gone ;  
But William's looks and tears proclaim  
Papa shall ne'er come home.

When Jeanie smiles, and says " Papa,"  
My spirit droops forlorn :  
The time cannot be far awa  
Ere another baby's born.

From morn to night my bosom bleeds—  
 I seldom find relief;  
 His books and clothes my sorrow feed,  
 Renewing all my grief.

Many an earthly friend is left—  
 And friends are very kind;  
 But he is gone, and I'm bereft,  
 And sorrow fills my mind.

I read the Bible father read,  
 Tears on the leaves do fa';  
 And then I raise my drooping head,  
 And wipe the tears awa.

I then some consolation find,  
 And trust the widow's stay;  
 Thy loving kindness lifts my mind:  
 Come, JESUS, come away!

O come, and raise my anxious soul  
 To thy sublime abode;  
 I shall thy wondrous love extol,  
 And hail the smile of God.

I try to supplicate my God,  
 As father used to pray,  
 But feel an overwhelming load,  
 With scarce a word to say.

But if my child was in distress—  
Her wants could not declare ;  
She surely ne'er would be the less  
Her mother's tender care.

And JESUS mingl'd griefs with those  
Who could but sigh and weep ;  
In Him the weary found repose  
Although they could not speak.

And I shall trust His love and power,  
And seek Him for a guide,  
And look to His celestial bower,  
Where cherubims abide.

## DESPONDENCY.

“A wounded spirit, who can bear?”

I **FEEL** in my soul an empty void,  
Fretful and peevish, and ill to guide—  
    My hopes of bliss have pass'd ;  
I sing away at my song of woe,  
Drifted along like driving snow,  
    Before the winter's blast.

I think on faithless friends that fled—  
That left me when my bosom bled,  
    And in its anguish pin'd ;  
And in their distant soul I saw,  
Coldness, as cold as frozen snaw,  
    Altho' their words were kind.

And then, my dearest friend hath gone  
Away from me, to the grave so lone :  
    For him I often weep ;—  
I think on all his kindness past—  
He nerv'd my heart to face the blast,  
    When floods were rolling deep.

And then, my God's neglected claims,  
 Kindle remorse, with all its pains,  
     And wound my heart anew ;  
 At times to CHRIST I seek to turn—  
 I hope in Him, and humbly mourn—  
     His words are kind and true.

And then, my children, once so dear,  
 Sleep in the grave from year to year :  
     O, if I had them still !—  
 I would their youthful follies check—  
 Their tender minds to truth direct—  
     To scenes on Zion hill.

Still I sin, and still repent,  
 With a wav'ring mind to folly lent,  
     Which interdicts my prayer ;  
 And through my soul sharp thoughts do fly,  
 As lightning flames on the low'ring sky,  
     In thrilling dark despair.



## ON THE EVENTS OF LIFE.

I WANDER'D away on a starry night,  
Nature and men were reposing in sleep ;  
The full moon appear'd in her silver light,  
Reflecting her beams on the waveless deep.

Away in the woods, midst the lights and shades,  
The scented birks and the hazels hang ;  
The song of the stream the glen pervades,  
And away in the caves the echoes rang.

I there sat down and review'd the past,  
And trac'd back the winding course of man ;  
His youth, his manhood, and age at last—  
And thus the strain of reflection ran :—

Poor man, at the best, is a strange compound :  
The king and the beggar, and all between,  
Are fighting away where the storms rebound,  
And their joy is far in the distance seen.

The king has the crown that his fathers wore,  
And rides on the course that his fathers rode,  
And the world moves as it went before,  
As careless of death and the claims of God.

And I look on the heaving ocean wave,  
And mind how it roll'd, and still rolls on,  
And to Him who the grand first impulse gave,  
To men who are going, and men who are gone.

We all come here, and live for a while,  
Beholding the rivers, the mountains, and sea ;  
And always anew we must labour and toil,  
And land in the grave, where our fathers be.

But the spirit of man shall never die :  
The hills and the mountains shall change and decay,  
But the soul on the paths of her glory shall fly,  
When earth and ocean are all swept away.

The hills and the vallies are verdant there,  
The river of life shall still flow along ;  
Jesus hath gone our abode to prepare,  
And tune our sweet harps to the angels' song.

### ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

HE's almost alone in the midst of his glory—  
Great Britain reveres him, and honours his name ;  
A warrior still, tho' he's aged and hoary,  
Unbending in spirit, untarnish'd in fame.

Long he has stood, like a rock in the ocean,  
Firm and unshaken where tempests ride ;  
When balances trembl'd in dreadful commotion,  
In Wellington's counsel 'twas safe to confide.

The mighty Napoleon, who shattered the nations,  
Came forth with his legions in fearful advance ;  
But Wellington's islanders, firm in their stations,  
Drove back in disorder the armies of France.

Bonaparte fell from the height of his glory—  
Wellington rose to the zenith of fame ;  
Since e'er Waterloo was a warrior's story,  
Bright are the honours that garnish his name.

And still they do bloom on his brow like the roses :  
 Honour'd and firm in the Senate he stands :  
 The nation, the Queen, in his counsel reposes—  
 Respect from the Tory and Whig he commands.

But still he is mortal, and soon he must leave us ;  
 O may he appear like a soldier in arms,  
 And triumph in death through the merits of JESUS,  
 Who lights up the valley and stills the alarms!

### THE MARTYRS.

CAMERON, and his friends so brave,  
 On Wellwood muirlands found a grave,  
 But still their deeds an impulse gave  
 To Scotland's ancient bravery.

The heather in her native bloom,  
 Hangs graceful o'er the martyr's tomb,  
 And breathes a welcome, sweet perfume  
 Upon their sacred memory.

Your lands, and friends, and homes were left,  
 Of every earthly joy bereft,  
 And on the muir and mountain clift  
 You worshipp'd in obscurity.

But Zion's king had claims on you,  
And on his own resources drew ;  
Your doings shone like mountain dew  
In all engaging purity.

The path you went was seldom trod ;  
Your lives were hid with CHRIST in GOD ;  
And all along his mercy flow'd,  
To soothe you in adversity.

I call to mind each peaceful home,  
Ere Charles stained his father's throne,  
Ere Clavers led his forces on,  
To deeds of cruel butchery.

And now, a genius on our isle,  
Has mock'd at a' your pain and toil ;  
His works shall on his fame recoil,  
And blight his future memory.

## REFLECTIONS ON VISITING MY NATIVE HOME.

FULL many years have come and gone  
Since I have seen this lovely spot ;  
It was my native peaceful home,  
And surely ne'er can be forgot.

My father always calm and kind,  
My mother's anxious melting e'e ;  
Midst a' her toils, she still could find  
A time to show her care for me.

On earth I'll never see her face—  
She slumbers now in silent death ;  
But still my grateful mind shall trace  
Her kindness, to my latest breath.

Her faults were light and very few,  
Her feelings always warm and kind ;  
Each purpose shone like morning dew,  
When filter'd in her pious mind

In solemn musings, calm and still,  
 My father sat upon his chair ;  
 And then his soft'ning eye would fill,  
 When he engaged in silent prayer.

And every morn, and every night,  
 He read the Book of God with care ;  
 His mind as clear as morning light  
 When kneeling down in humble prayer.

And still he lives as he began—  
 His bright'ning path does brighter shine ;  
 An unpretending, holy man,  
 Untarnish'd by the sins of time.

But now his failing steps proclaim  
 He soon must leave this weary clay ;  
 His disentangled soul shall then  
 To endless glory pass away.

Companions once so young and sweet,  
 Are now dispers'd, and wander wide ;  
 Some in lonesome grave do sleep,  
 And others cross'd the foaming tide.

But still a few remain to tell  
 The lightsome hours we often pass'd ;  
 And when we part and say farewell,  
 We feel as if it were our last.

I now am getting old and grey,  
And care with age increases fast,  
With many a cheerless low'ring day,  
And many a howling bitter blast.

Still the burn runs sweetly on,  
As constant as it ran before ;  
But many a friend away has gone,  
And ne'er shall greet its waters more.

The old frequented wood is green,  
Where flowers obscurely bloom and die ;  
But still the flowing crystal stream  
Reflects the glories of the sky.

In early life I've wandered here,  
As cheerful as the opening morn,  
With many a smiling prospect near,  
On wings of hope so lightly borne.

At length I learned to read and pray,  
And trace Jehovah's works sublime ;  
And oft my mind was borne away,  
Where saints in robes celestial shine.

And still my ardent soul would try  
To find the holy dwelling-place,  
And mark the planets passing by,  
In grandeur, through the fields of space.



## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I TRUST, dear Sir, our friendship shall last,  
As long as we're pilgrims and strangers here ;  
May we often look back on a well-spent past,  
And onward to friendship more lasting and dear.

To know of a friend—tho' it may be but one ;  
A friend that can help us—and friendship has power ;  
A union of hearts, and a union of plan,  
Strengthens the soul in the darkening hour.

But the cares and the toils in the business of life,  
Make friendship's endearments but seldom return ;  
Toss'd and perplex'd, in the darkness and strife,  
Like armies conflicting on fam'd Bannockburn.

But selfishness sometimes appears in disguise,  
Mantled in friendship it tenderly smiles ;  
But poverty comes, and that friend turns his eyes,  
And away from the darkness and danger recoils.

Poverty's a crime the world scarce forgives—  
The ugliest blotch on the face of the earth ;  
Despis'd and neglected the poor man lives,  
Tho' cities were sav'd by his wisdom and worth.

But GOD never tries us by this crooked rule ;  
 The poor and forsaken are welcome to Him ;  
 The rich man in Juda was only a fool,  
 And the grave was the barn that he slumber'd in.

The way to secure lasting friendship on earth,  
 Is to be INDEPENDENT, sober, and kind ;  
 To check every vice in its infantile birth,  
 And never debauch either body or mind.

But always be careful, and lay something bye ;  
 Take what is right for your labour and toil ;  
 And then you'll have footing your foe to defy,  
 When the base tongue of slander would try to defile.

Cultivate the talents heaven has bestow'd,  
 That men may be anxious your friendship to seek ;  
 And well-earn'd glory your memory shall load,  
 When the cold winter wind o'er your grave blows  
 bleak.

Be watchful against all the risings of pride,  
 And never let avarice dry up the soul,  
 And still in the counsel of heaven confide,  
 Tho' the adverse waves of affliction roll.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SONS OF JACOB.

O DRIFTED sons of Palestine,  
His blood lies heavy still;  
And yet you wander and repine,  
Away from Zion hill.

The real Messiah came to you—  
The King of Glory came—  
He brought eternal bliss to view,  
And yet you scorn'd His name.

What made you say—His blood on us,  
And on our children dear?  
By you the dark alarming curse  
Is borne from year to year.

For eighteen hundred years and more  
You've borne the galling load,  
And still as harden'd as before—  
As far from Zion's God.

Your father, Abram, saw His day,  
 And then his heart was glad ;  
 It lighted up his troubl'd way,  
 And storms and darkness fled.

The sacred truth a pleasure gives,  
 As time is stretch'd along ;  
 " I know that my Redeemer lives,"  
 Was Job's triumphant song.

And David's Psalms are full of Him ;—  
 His last eventful cry,  
 When on the cross, He bore our sin,  
 And wish'd his Father nigh,

Was—" O, my Father, and my God !  
 Why hast thou hid thy face ;  
 While I am crush'd beneath this load,  
 Upon this awful place ?"

Isaiah plainly chants His praise  
 From scenes reveal'd in heaven ;  
 And sings in sweet seraphic lays—  
 " To us a Son is given."

And prophet after prophet came,  
 Tho' ages roll'd between,  
 And still Messiah was the same,  
 And JESUS is the theme.

Come then, ye sons of Jacob, come—  
Ye troubl'd and oppress'd ;  
Acknowledge God has sent his Son  
To give the weary rest.

Attune your harps anew, and sing,  
Return to Zion hill,  
And make the rocks of Juda ring,  
For Jesus loves you still.

And O, thou God of love and power,  
Remove the darkness now ;  
Bring Joseph to his ancient bower—  
Adorn the Saviour's brow.

Remember how thy glory shone,  
So sweet in ancient time ;  
Bring home thy people ; bring them home ;—  
By right they're surely thine.

TO THE MEMORY OF ISAAC WATTS.

HE is gone, long ago, where the weary do rest—  
His spirit with God is residing ;  
By angels of love and of glory caress'd,  
Through the fields of eternity gliding.

Simple and grand are the truths he has sung,  
And thousands his hymns are repeating ;  
They cheer up the hearts of the pious and young,  
And burnish their dreams when they're sleeping.

Tho' gone from the earth, his name shall endure ;  
His precious thoughts are recorded ;  
They have dwelt in the hearts of the humble and poor,  
And joy to their bosoms afforded.

They think of the spirit that sooth'd the distress'd,  
When danger their courage was trying ;  
On the muses that sang the afflicted to rest,  
And brighten'd the hopes of the dying.

They think of the spirit that serv'd the Most High,  
 Tho' in ashes his body does slumber ;  
 That spirit that rang'd through the stars of the sky,  
 And trod on the paths of the thunder.

When saints are perplex'd in the darkness of death,  
 And friends in the chamber are sighing,  
 Watts' Hymns are pronounc'd with the last heavy  
 breath,  
 And banish the fears of the dying.



THE END.







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